

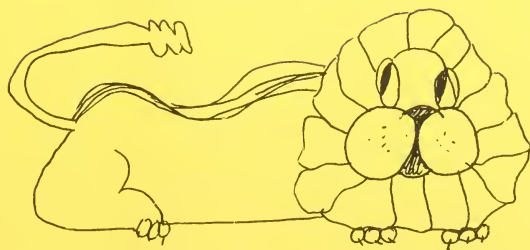


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WALLS FALL, BUT STONES NEVER MELT

Loving thoughts beat heavily against the wall.
Tenderness begins to seep through
the cracks that have formed.

Then memories loosen the stones, and the wall
tumbles down...

I feed that wall with your broken promises
to keep it indestructible,
But your sweet, ghostly whispers keep returning
to knock it down.

The wall is down for now, but its stones
flow with the lava in my veins.

Karen Karas '74

UNTITLED

We walked along the sand,
Breathing in the salty sea smells.
We watched the gulls flying low over the ocean,
Making their funny noises,
Scavenging for food.

We held each other's hands--
A feeling of security--
As we left our footprints in the sand,
Making swishing sounds with our feet,
Walking in peace.

We found a mass of shells;
We bent down and admired them;
We picked one up;
It was living.
The snail's head came out from his house.
We found life on the beach.
There's life all over.

Are you afraid of death?
I am.

Cherie Freedman '75

building
 piece by piece...
 crumb by crumb...
 speck by speck...
a rock, thrown in a child's game,
 erases
 days of hard labor.
building
 piece by piece...

Laramie Sancetta '74

how is it that man has
 marvelled in such
 spectacular accomplishments,
 but as yet, he has not learned
to speak through touch?

Laramie Sancetta '74

The full moon rising
 into the deep midnight blue of the heavens...
As it peeks over the top of Black Sam's Mountain,
The faint howling of a wolf is heard--faint
 at first, then clearer. Then another
 is heard. And another. Soon
 an entire pack is heard, singing a
Breath-taking
 chorus of...

Laramie Sancetta '74

At this moment
 the moon has cracked
 directly through its center,
 and
Through the cracked pieces
 stares the cow.

Laramie Sancetta '74

IT BURNS INSIDE OF ME

Chelsea's burning,
Chelsea's burning,

look yonder!
look yonder!
"Fire-Fire" "Fire-Fire"

Will somebody please
pour some water?
Jesus?
somebody,
do something.
Cause I feel
like Chelsea's burning inside
of me.

America!
Ya know what?
Your "spacious skies"
are getting smoky,
And there's not a damn thing I can do
to help
the hell over there
(isn't very far away)
and I think no one cares,
as long as it stays over there,
but I care.

Yeah,
cause I feel like Chelsea's burning
inside of me.
Maybe, if just
someone would pour
some water
on me?
OK, Lord,
OK.

Anonymous

What happens to the day when it's done?
Where does it go?
Does the new-born sun dry it up,
or is it washed away by an early rainfall?
Does the end of darkness hurry it away,
or wasn't it ever really there?

Laramie Sancetta '74

YES

"Do you still want me?" you asked.
And I said, "You don't have to ask me every day."
You said, "Well, do you?"
I said, "Yes."
But what I really said within my heart was,
"Want him?"
Do I want him?
In an exotic, quixotic way,
I want him.
I want him because
I can walk with him,
And he talks to me about the things I
Like to talk about.
And he says funny things to me,
And, sometimes, he thinks they're so funny,
He says them twice.
And I know him better than
Any woman has a right to know a man.
And with all that I find
Just when I think I know him best,
I know him not at all.
And all I really want is a chance to know him better,
And that takes time.
I would like to take all the time given me
To know him better,
Which is the real reason
I cannot bear to be away from him.
"Yes."

Anonymous



She was blind,
And she smirked a lot,
Talked a lot,
And she kept a lot of secrets.
How like Uriah Heep she was,
Humble,
So very humble,
With her half smiles through clenched teeth.
Her wrinkles were the only
Marks upon her face.
How old was she?
That was a mystery.

The bells chimed;
A new day was rung in
With perpetual
Ding Dong
Ding Dong
DING DONGS!
Her brain ached with these chimings,
So constant,
So sharp
So momentary.
Yet they echoed in the chambers
of her brain.
How church-like they were.
Irreverence for herself.

The day
She never knew.
It was fresh and new;
The air entered through
Her windows,
Thick.
She lifted her arms;
They ached,
But she touched the day.
Why wouldn't it rain?
Beads of perspiration gathered
Like flocks of sheep
On her forehead.
How hot!

She remembered
Morning
And morning duties,
But she didn't want to be bothered.
So all day she walked around
With a bitter, pungent,
Sharp
Taste in her mouth,
Never
Brushing her teeth.

And she swallowed
Yesterday's air and
Last night's sleep
Throughout the day.

She sat down
In the new chair,
Old-new,
From the Salvation Army.
She gingerly rested her head
Back
And slowly closed her eyes.
It didn't make
Much difference.

She couldn't see
Anyway.
How soft,
Smooth and
Velvety
The new chair felt...
The old-new chair.

And she smirked a lot
Like Uriah Heep.
And she smiled to herself
For nonsensical reasons,
But she was really
Happy.

Cherie Freedman '75

DISTANCE

The first day I saw you
I wondered just what
the outcome would be;
Now I see it all:
You live in your world;
I live in mine with
time and distance
being the common
denominator divisible
by hours.

DeVella Brown '74

She's always there--
Existing
Between you and me.
No more peacefulness--
Merely
Unanswered questions--
Of not knowing.

How naive of me
To think we were
Immune
to her.
I could have been
not
now,
not
now;
It's too late.
And she's
constantly
With me.

I have all my
Hims,
But they don't matter to you--
Just her.
Maybe he wasn't
a her.

I'll never know
Because you'll
never
Tell
me--
Just
caress,
fondle,
And
destroy.
Intentionally.
Why won't you tell me?
Don't worry;
I'm beginning
(I think)
To understand.

Cherie Freedman '75

SOFT SILENT SOUNDS

Soft, silent sounds drifting in the warm summer air,
Slowly murmuring soft, silent words of hushed secrets.

Secrets which seem to be of some unseen life,
An unreal thing which I cannot grasp....
Again, I listen.

Soft, silent sounds which build a vague land of
Fantasy,
Calmly, I struggle within myself to understand
The sounds,

Wishing to learn them and hold them forever.
Slowly the sounds become passing winds
And rustling leaves.

One more time I am defeated by them,
And I awaken from my sounds
Into a sweet, silent orchard.

Michele Maloof '75

I tried to make you love me,
And, as usual,
I tried too hard.

To me, you were special;
To me, you were everything.

I felt as though I really needed you,
And I wondered
If you'd ever need me.

To me, you were special;
To me, you were everything.

The pain will linger forever,
And the bitter memories will be
Locked away.

To me, you were special;
To me, you were everything.

But now you are gone,
And I've nothing.

Cherie Freedman '75

to you...

whose beauties are the oceans
and the pine forests.

i don't know if you think poems are beauty too...

but they are my gifts
...to you.

Laramie Sancetta '74

The serenity I've been lacking
Is slowly being restored.
Darkness sweeps over me,
Enfolding its misty petals
Blissfully.
It's sometimes hard to
Understand
And be patient;
It takes so much time.
It will be worth it.
I cannot end my love;
It's growing, and I can't stop it.
I don't want to.
I really need you so desperately;
I am nothing
Without you.
You are a part of me now,
Ever-changing,
But there.
My love may not be unblemished,
But it comes straight from my heart.
The whispers won't bother me now,
For they are all hollow
People.
I shall not be controlled.
Please--
just love me.

Cherie Freedman '75

I'm outta things to draw, to write, to say...
to think.

When love once alive and pulsating dies,
There is nothing left to put a creative
Color, a loving word, or a sweet dream to...

Karen Karas '74

It's here,
yet so far,
But there are times when I can feel it's
warmth around me.
At those moments I fly, and nothing
matters.
If I reach out enough I can catch it,
But it can't always be caught.
As long as the yearning for it stays strong,
I'm happy.
And if it wants me too,
I'm always ready for it; the feeling
I have for it is set free.
And when it's gone, it leaves a magic
That let's me see the wind and wait
quietly till it returns.

Sharon Toomey '75

Feelings never die,
As love will never change;
It only fades into the distance,
As a memory.

Hope will always blossom,
And forgiveness be given
To those who have forsaken you,
Yet, you love.

And faith is ever radiant
As it glows amidst the mind,
And reaches for its master
To be retained.

And those of worth,
To whom you give of yourself,
Will accept your offers
To always cherish.

But don't confuse your feelings,
For they will haunt you
And give power to your actions,
And you'll be empty.

Cherie Freedman '75

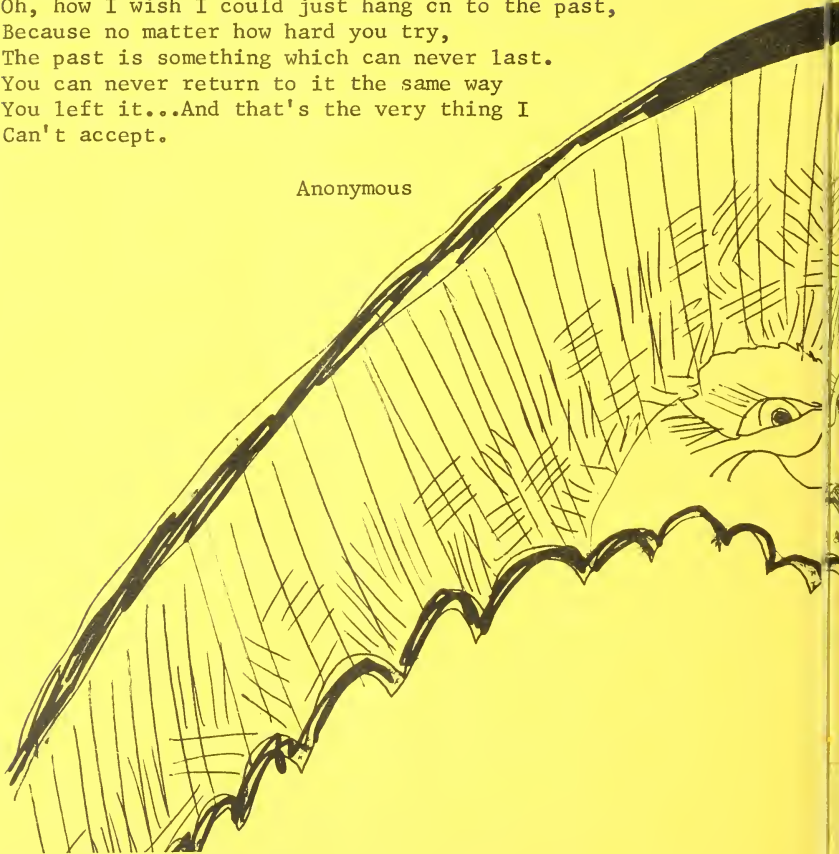
YESTERDAY - TODAY - TOMORROW

Sometimes I'm glad I'm gone,
Away from all those yesterdays,
From all those fears, hopes, and tears,
And happiness as I once knew it.

But, then, when I do return
For those brief and too few days,
I wonder why I ever left
The most wonderful parts of my life.

Time is now moving too fast for me;
I just can't seem to cope.
Oh, how I wish I could just hang on to the past,
Because no matter how hard you try,
The past is something which can never last.
You can never return to it the same way
You left it...And that's the very thing I
Can't accept.

Anonymous



Happiness is like a moment --
When you reach out to touch it, it's gone.

Anonymous

AND THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Now the curtains come down.

How goes the show?

To Broadway

or back to the dirty old office where
it all began?

What happened?

The show was good,

damned good!

People smiled, glowed, delighted at our sight.

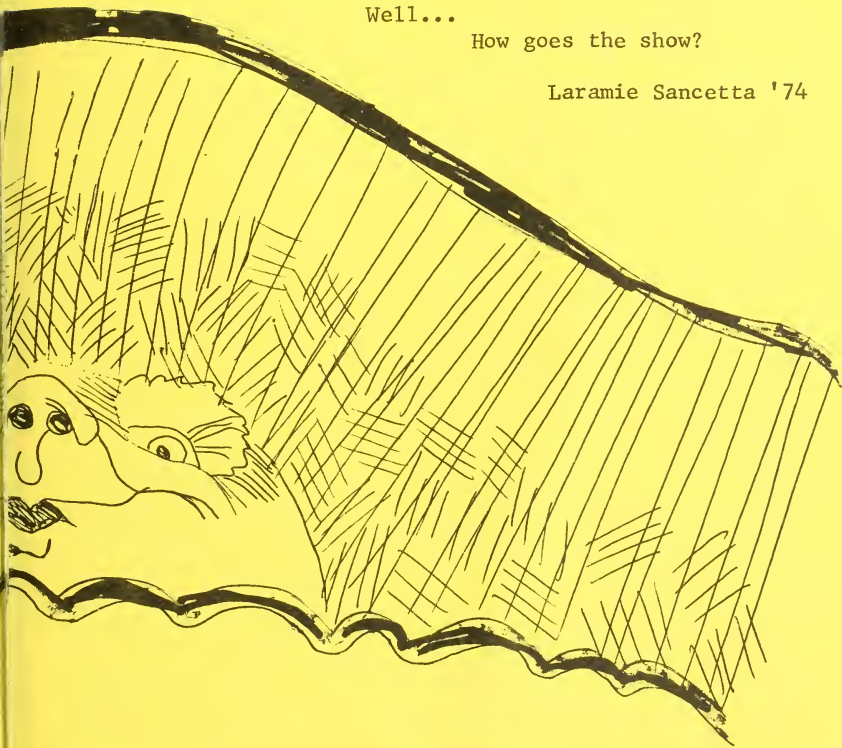
Joy to the world and all that rot!

Yeah?

Well...

How goes the show?

Laramie Sancetta '74



...and only fools dream

...so dream on sucker;
you've been taken for a ride.

Laramie Sancetta '74

part one - five fifteen p.m.

i remember the first
time we both met....
i was so scared
of you; i guess
because you seemed to be the complete
opposite of what i was.
but as time passed, we discovered
how very much alike we were...
you did so much for me,
although you probably don't think so.
you made me feel sure of myself;
you made me feel as though i was
worth caring about,
which was something of a miracle.
but then time swept over us,
like the waves sweeping restlessly
over the sand,
and when it retreated, there
was nothing left but miles of empty beach,
and you didn't care.
as usual,
i cared too
much.

part two - five twenty-five p.m.

while practically
everyone
else
heard
me,
you listened
to
me.
while practically
everyone
else
was
my friend,
you
cared
about me.
yes,
there
was a time
when
you
cared...
if i try hard enough,
i can almost reach out and touch it...

part three - five fifty p.m.

lately,
i've been thinking a lot,
mostly about
life,
and death,
and time.
i have so very little time to
live, taking into account eternity,
and it seems as though
i should make others happy
instead of always
indulging myself.
so i wrote
this for you.
i really, truly
hope
i doesn't
make
you cry as
much
as
it did
me.

Anonymous

I told you my problems;
You listened, just letting me speak.
The whole truth came out,
And you patiently reserved comment,
Although you showed your concern.
It didn't matter what I was saying,
Just that I was telling it to you,
And you carefully listened.
I felt so good to know you cared!
I hope I can make you as happy
as you make me!

Cherie Freedman '75

LOLLIPOP FANTASIES MELT

Houses were gingerbread with frosting-framed doors.
Sweet lollipops grew in the gardens...

It rained colored jimmies and snowed
Peppermint bon-bons, and when the sun
Shone, the field mice laid out for a tan.
And they sucked on the sweet
Lollipops that grew in the gardens...

Two children ran laughing through
Apple juice streams;
 they rushed to suck on the
 sweet lollipops that grew in
 the gardens...

But they got carried away with the
Flavor and plucked them from the ground!

Sweet lollipops no longer grow in the gardens;
Sweet cotton candy has grown in their place.
The children come rushing out of the
 streams to eat it;
But it doesn't last like the lollipops did
And melts away at the touch of their
 tongues.

There are no more gingerbread houses
With frosting-framed doors.
The jimmies and bon-bons are
Lost in the melted frosting.
The apple juice has run dry in
 the streams,
And the two children walk their
 separate ways...

Only the cotton candy grows in the
Gardens, waiting to be eaten by
Other happy children.

Lollipops grow scarce...

Karen Karas '74

Many of us
Always seem to avoid
Reasoning with ourselves,
Killing our thoughts,
Tantalizing our minds
And all the facts--
Not caring, not
Giving. At the same time building a
Union with
Another victim. Existing,
Yet not living.

Anonymous

PAINTED FACE

I watched a clown eat her chocolate éclair...
 She looked content.
Her face was painted with disguising colors...
 She looked content.
Two eyes were widened with heavy black make-up,
And her lips were shaded with bright red lipstick...
 She looked content.
Her cheeks were smudged with rouge. The
Even lines of her mask portrayed completeness...
 She looked content.
On her last bite, a murky, black tear
 trickled down her cheek.
It washed away her perfect clown face.

Karen Karas '74

GOODBYE?

How can I say goodbye to a part of me,
To the beat and rhythm of a memory?
For in the giving of our common need
To love and to be loved by a greater deed,
We join and work and love and cry a little,
And cry a little--
As you and I and I and they all are one.
So how can I say goodbye to a part of me.

Michele Maloof '75

Somehow
things have got to change;

No more games to play,
songs to sing...

Hell has risen.

You sit there, tearing yourself to bits,
being battered from all sides;
little by little,
you're getting
smaller and smaller...

Will you waste away
and leave us all sitting here in anger...
hurt...
pain?

Chaos gone...quiet...empty
Now what?

Or
will you ever move?

Laramie Sancetta '74

Growing farther apart from me
Every day, I can't imagine what it will be like
Now that she's
Not my friend. Not yet.
It still hurts too much.

Getting extremely
Upset about things,
I can understand.
Maybe we're just too much alike
Or maybe friendships were
Never meant to keep. I
Don't know...

Anonymous

Once along the road, I met an old man. Because I was confused and had lost my way, I stopped and asked the old man if he might be able to help me and point the way. But he only looked at me with blank eyes, cold heart, and turned his back to me and walked away. Now I was alone with no one to show me which path to take, so I kept going down, down, down with no end in sight. The further I walked, the darker and more tangled it became, and the more lost I became, stumbling more and more with each mile I walked. I passed many along the road, and though I cried out, they all passed me by, pretending they could not hear my screams. They didn't want to see or hear me. They each had their own little world, and who was I to interfere or ask the way?

This happened over and over again. I'm still wandering through the confusion of that road; I still don't know the way. I guess maybe I never will. But now I go much slower because of the thickness, and sometimes, I don't move at all. I just wait. I'll continue to wait until I can someday pass by Death, and then I won't ask the way...Then I only need to follow.

Anonymous

THE PORTRAIT OF A REAL FRIEND

Oh, you,
There at your desk
 with your pen, busy
And stop, you will, for me,
 while I stand there
with hurt smeared all over my face,
 and you wait...

and soon I mumble of my pain,
and you give me that confident and loving
 smile.

That's all.
That's real.

That's enough.

S. J. '75

SLEEP

Oh sleep, come to me now.
Release me from my present state and bliss.
Let your powers perform their magic upon me.
Make me like a cloud, floating peacefully with no
specific direction.
Let me float ever onward towards total serenity.
Make me like a dove, winging softly and upward through
a paradoxical world below me.
Make me like that of smoke from a chimney, blowing
softly and climbing higher through misty waves of dust.
Make me dream of my childhood foolishness...
Building snowmen with carrot noses,
Climbing on a simple metal monkey bar,
Swinging and trying to reach the sky,
Sliding down poles and eating ice cream cones.

Oh sleep, come to me now,
For I am tired of being awake in such total confusion...
Everyone being plastic and putting on their "happy" fronts,
Getting dressed and not forgetting to wear your "smile",
Laughing when nothing is really funny,
Because everyone is supposed to always have a good time.
Let me sleep and forget all the confusion and "happiness"
and "smiles".
Just let me be as I like,
Suspended in time and animated in sleep,
Escaping the cruel realities of life, surrounding me and
hurting me.
Let me forget all the unnecessary pain and mental anguish,
And let me be released.
Take your saran wrap arms and lift me, lift me, help me
reach upwards and onwards.
Take all the hurt out of me; throw it somewhere.
Oh! beautiful sleep,
Come to me now, for I am tired of the garbage I receive.
I'm suffering unduly for something I no longer can control.
Why must life make people like this?
Forcing us all to play mental games with one another,
Causing deep depression.
Oh! peaceful sleep,
Take your rose-petal fingers,
And slowly let me sink into your nothingness,
Surrounded by complete emptiness,
Leaving me safe in your powerful wholeness,
Dropping me very softly into your vastness.
Oh, wonderful, powerful sleep,
Release me from my bondage,
And let me sink
Forever until I'm separated from you entirely.

Oh, sleep! Come to me now.
Just let me lie listlessly in my freedom,
Freedom from falseness and foolishness--
Everyone lying, cheating, and stealing,
Lying to mask the truth.
Let me be like the moon, inconstant, for you never
 know how it will be or if it will be at all.
I'm free now, free from everything I wish no part of any longer.
I want to dance
And sing.
Oh, I am totally free!
I can be whatever I want because now I am inconstant.
Oh, damned sleep, I'm free,
But where are you?
I'm ready for you; please come to me now.
I'm soaring high and higher throughout the universe,
Floating,
But, Lord knows, now I'm free!
I'm spinning and turning,
Up and down.
Oh! magic sleep,
You're finally here.
Can I handle you?
Yes, I can handle you.
Don't leave me now, for I'd be more lost
 than before you came.
I'm oh, so ready,
And my emotions are finally at rest.
My total existence is at peace with the universe.
My mental anguish has united with your tinsel drowsiness,
And I feel weightless,
Personified reaction to emptiness.
And I'm no longer me;
I'm a sleeping angel, floating along the horizon.
Oh! blessed sleep,
I'm thankful for your magic.

Cherie Freedman '75

Maybe I don't want him because I'm afraid.
Afraid to be loved and to love.
Or maybe it's because I always go in search of
The Impossible Dream.
I find all his faults and hold them against him,
 instead of remembering his good points.
He's willing to take me with my faults; why can't I
Do the same?
Because I don't trust him--I've been hurt by love
 too many times.

Anonymous

Friendship can bring so much joy into your life,
And yet it can cause so much pain.
I guess it's because I expect things to always
 be the same.
I can't comprehend the fact that when I get older,
I may never see my friends again.
It really upsets me to think about this,
But something you said has made me think:
"Life is just motion and change."
And so it is.
But I'll never know why; nor will I ever be
 able to accept it.
I sometimes feel as though I should just lock myself
Up in my mind and not associate with anyone.
That way, I wouldn't ever love anyone, and I'd never
 be hurt.
But then I realize that I couldn't live without love.
And I really think it's better to enjoy friends
While you have them, because, when they're gone,
You'll have memories,
And memories are better than nothing.

Anonymous



HELLO MEADOW!

Peachrot in meadow fair,
Wormy apples that dangle from
Dead limbs--
Silveryturd on the rocks,
Blackened waste on grassied ground,
Smellbound.

Stay on a little longer.
View chipmunks, tირerun.
See deep beyond the bricked leavings
Of those bastardly men and their hammer machines
Lies what was;
Yeah,
What was.

S. J. '75

THE SAGA OF THE EMPTY
CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

At \$4.75 a bottle
New York State Champagne
Is nice
For drinking out of
Styrofoam cups
By the Charles River
With friends.

But now it's empty
And there it sits
Holding only memories
And ashes
From my nervous
Habit.

S. J. '75



